

ADVANZUS

BY
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DRAWN FROM LIFE OF TO-DAY

A thrilling drama, full of realities and truth, and especially thrilling when enacted upon the stage in the right setting. But it must be read and seen enacted on the stage—and enacted right—in order to be fully understood.

Your friend and well-wisher,

B. M. B.



ADVANZUS

Advanzus, sometimes called Ad., is an unusually experienced and good-hearted man who having been through some of life's aqua regia test, comes to a big town in the United States. His greatest ambition is to be useful and to serve that great Cause. He sees also that it must be through giving advice. For that purpose he settles down in a cabin by himself and rents a little theater. The cabin he labels the "Home of the Mysterious Old Sage"; to the theater he gives the name "Fairy Queen's Palace."

Soon his customers begin to come. His first customer is a young and beautiful damsel; let us call her R. She confesses that she has met the young man that is fit for her soul-mate, and after giving some description of him she hesitates to continue. So the Sage says: "Yes, you perhaps have met him, but he is like many other young men—perhaps you have not much money, therefore he has not enough faith to dare to win you in an ordinary way. And so unconsciously perhaps he invites a life of misery for himself and for you. But let me see him and I might give him a more sensible view of life." That delights her and he invites her to play the role of Fairy Queen in an act called "Ad-Spirits and Some Lovers," and he promises to see that her soulmate is there to see her at her best at the next performance at the place and time appointed.

As soon as she is gone there comes a young fellow who exactly fits the description given by his first customer. He is very excited, though he attempts to hide it. After saluting each other, the Sage asks him what good could be done for him, whereupon the young man exclaims: "To be sure, I don't know. Is it true that you can influence almost any one to do his very best?" The Sage replies, "Possibly." "Now, then," says the young man, "I want you to influence a certain girl so that she will accept my love."

The Sage—Well, give me some true description of her and we will see, and for one thing, I assure you that the best will happen to you.

Now the one that this young man wants is a rich old maid who loves nothing but a dog—a big, black house dog, whose hair she even curls to make him look pretty. As the old Sage knows the one this young fellow wants, he perceives that it would be an outrage for her to get such a fellow, who only can be happy by getting a true love. So a light goes up for the old Sage and he invites his customer to the same performance as he invited his preceding one, to play the role of a "Knight from Fairyland," promising that the one who loves him will be there, and that he will meet her; so he leaves, delighted.

Soon a couple of sisters of the first customer come, and each one of them separately tells that she loves a certain fellow, and each asks advice of the Sage, who seems confounded, because he understands that it is the same

young man they describe, as the first one did, but he invites them to act as maids of honor at the aforementioned play.

Then in the night the old Sage has a vision. He sees that the fellow they all want, has some fine cousins—sons of a twin sister to that young man's mother. So he decides to carry out the divine will, and invites the young men to the same performance, to act as "Knights of Fairyland."

The evening for the performance comes around, and the Fairy Queen with her maids of honor are at the appointed time and place playing on musical instruments beyond the curtain for a short while. Then they all of a sudden fall asleep and the curtain goes up. After a few seconds a little maiden fairy appears and leads a fairy knight in on the stage to view a lovely lady, and the light is more abundant around the one for him, and so the fairy escorts him to his chair and repeats it with another one. Then she arouses the sleeping beauties and they give a song and music and some other attractive stunts.

However, there is one knight missing, and that is the one for the Queen, who begins to be worried. Then the door is flung open and a man in torn clothes is carried in by two old ladies (the twin sisters' spirits), who explain that it is one who has been run over by an automobile and nearly killed. So the Queen's good-heartedness comes to light and she begins to give aid by pulling off some of his rags and giving him massage, and as he awakens he

explains that he was hurt by an automobile in trying to save a dog from being run over.

"Whom did that dog belong to?" asks the Queen.

"It belonged to that rich Miss Blank."

"And did you save it?"

"I certainly did."

"And what did you get?"

"Get! Meanwhile I saw that unhurt dog taken up by her and petted and patted, but she did not even have a word or a glance for me that saved him, at the risk of my life."

"Oh! She is made for dogs and not for human beings, or at least she believes so, which her actions show."

"And here I am getting the finest treatment of the finest lady I ever saw. A little while ago I wondered if I could recover from that terrible experience, but now I admit I never felt better in my life before, and as you gave me massage, I felt your musical vibrations coming from your beautiful heart and bosom, making me feel a dozen delightful spirits dance with joy within me. And now since the true light has gone up for me I feel that I can not be happy without you I love more than all the rest."

And at her feet he pleads her to accept his love.

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Then when the curtain is up again he asks, "What are these maids here for, and what are all these people for?" and as he is informed soon, he recalls that he also

was invited, and exclaims: "I thought it was all a joke of that old man when he invited me; so if it had not been for that accident to-day I would surely have missed one of the most important and delightful events of my life."

Then the first maid of honor announces that refreshments are ready, and the girl fairy appears again and announces that she is back from a very long journey and that she brought back two fine knights whom she would like to introduce, which she does, requesting them to prepare for a visit to the sunken gardens of Fairyland.

Then as each one meets the other, the old Sage appears to admonish them before they go any further, and as he looks them over he begins:

"Beloved children! As an old and experienced man that has been through and tried in the crucible aqua regia test in real life, I should like to tell you about something of importance; so important that it takes the young, the middle-aged and the old. Some are thereby exalted to the very pinnacles of fame, others thrown down to the bottomless pit, from where none perhaps returns. Lo, dear friends, be careful about four things, if you want to be happy. The first and perhaps the most important is Imagination. The second is your words; the third your thoughts, and fourth, 'your other actions.' And believe me, if you succeed in managing them right, you can be happy and a success. I wish you good luck."

As he attempts to leave them they implore him to stay,

and as he sits down they inquire if he will not entertain them by telling some of his experiences, and after some persuasion he assents, and begins:

Well, friends, as you know, my paramount ambition is to be useful and to give service to that great Cause. Therefore I must tell you some of my most serious experiences. I was born in the Northland—I hail from the Land of the Midnight Sun—as the seventh child of my parents. One stormy night, years ago, it is said, I came, when my mother was almost alone. When the Earth was drinking the clear crystals from above. Then was a mother's deliverance. Some years elapsed before my recording consciousness awoke. However, as a boy four years of age I recollect sacred memories, as I then had a younger sister who less than two years of age died almost before her ruddy cheeks had time to pale and how my parents put her away in the cellar, before I knew what had occurred to her, but I soon missed her, and I remember how I cried all night till I was shown her condition. And I remember how winters up there, with their icy crystals covering steep hills—a season for great joy to me and others so often. And then how the sun in springtime did chase those crystals—making them run for the brooks and rivers as they made a pure life-reminding noise at places of their joy rides. How earth around my home began to dress itself in green, dotted with flowers in white and blue, which as summer approached increased in tints and hue. And how their leaves and blades soon surrounded

wonderful buds and ears in which lay seeds or their equivalent, perhaps unaware of their own possibilities. How delightful memories yet remaining within me, from summers, autumns and winters, when I enjoyed to see and test the result of preceding seasons. I did see a lot of good things in that country. However, with the blood of the ancient Vikings within, I felt I must out on the stormy waves to receive my baptism.

So I left the Northland, a land of honors, heroes and heroines. That year, before the Easter eggs had been cracked, I with so many others was out on the North Sea among icebergs and a terrific gale and thick darkness aboard a cattle-boat destined to take us to England, the first part of our journey towards the land of the free and the brave, the United States (so called). And I, like many others, outlived those trying days, arrived and got work from farmers in summer and in winter as a lumber-jack in the woods. Later on I worked as mechanic, and I began to settle down beside great waters to ply an honorable trade. Soon it was whispered in that place, "His ambition is to marry an American beauty. Oh! friends, how the spirit of selfishness did then and there arouse a hornet's-nest full of stingers. I wondered if not the stingers could be taken out of them. So I, after having prayed an all night's prayer and in imagination searched the universe for an antidote to that poison whereby my opponents tried to separate me from the most beautiful one that ever attracted me, I was, through a heavenly one, informed that

it is qualities that count for more than nativity—even in the eyes of the Most High, and the fate of Lucifer was brought to my mind. And I was not slow to grasp the offered tack. So I was encouraged to skin my opponents and nail with a tack their skin and stingers to the floor in public.

So on the following Sunday I was in church, at the Christian Endeavorers' meeting, where each one present was encouraged to say something on the subject. The subject was the Devil, and when all seemed to have expressed what they wanted about the subject, which, aside from some Bible verses read, was nothing at all, then I arose with a smile on my face, as usual, looked around, and burst forth, "To me he has appeared——" Then I paused, and everybody present turned a queer face towards me, as if to say, "What, have you seen the Devil?" Then I continued. "To me he has appeared in the form of prejudice, not on account of merits but on account of a certain place of beginning; prejudices that would only exonerate himself."

And every one of my opponents there was stunned as by a lightning from a clear sky; but my friends looked at me delighted, and at that moment I could easily see who were my friends and who were my opponents. And some one said, "He has reversed the situation in favor of himself." But who can say I did it in selfishness? And I felt the combined strength of the Christian spirit enter my body and take my breath away and almost lift me off my feet, and a voice went through my very bones, pronouncing,

"You took the sting out of him," and continued in a command, "Bless them all." And by a great effort I cried out, "God bless them all."

Immediately a mysterious word in Sanskrit went out of me, and my breath returned (as I wondered if I ever was to be allowed to breathe any more). And a delight such as I never before experienced surrounded me and penetrated me. But soon a voice inquired, "What did they do to Him that crushed his head?" (meaning the head of the old snake). "You have met a life issue of the crushed one, and its sting is lost now. You did not win by your own power, but by the grace and powerful spirit of God."

Very soon after I was put in jail, arrested on a warrant sworn out by the constable of that place, saying I was a dangerous person to be let loose; and I was beaten and poisoned and thrown in the middle one of three dungeons, with a robber on each side of me and a murderous sheriff carrying the keys. Then I solemnly understood the meaning of that little voice that had inquired, "What did they do to Him who crushed its head?" and pretty soon the Presbyterian minister came to me. He always used to appear as my friend when in my presence before, but now after he had asked me some useless questions he capped his visit by telling me, "They are going to hang you." Then he left me. To me it appeared pretty much discouraging.

Soon after, the negro (for the one robber that occupied the dungeon on my left was a negro, and the one oc-

cupying the dungeon on my right was a pale white man) came into my cell and began to discharge chloroform at my nose from a hand-pump. And the more he discharged the more I felt the power and spirit of the Most High Who passed from death to life immortal, and as some of the chloroform escaped into the air it overpowered the negro; so he had to run into his cell and lie down, while I went out into the hallway of the three dungeons (because the negro was in a hurry when he left me, so he did not close the door of my cell), and a metallic substance hung to my forefinger and sparks quite loud in quick succession went in whatever direction I pointed. And I tried to send sparks without that metallic substance and succeeded, but the sparks were not half as powerful. And I tried the power of the sparks on a couple of visitors who were standing outside the big iron gate, and they had to turn away, after their eyes got full of tears, although a minute before they had enjoyed looking at me and my humble position.

Soon I was put before the sheriff's appointed ones, and a judge (who has a crazy son of his own, at his home) was going to decide my fate. And after the spirit within me declared to them that I thought all men were my brothers (for they asked me the question, "Have you got any brothers?"). Then for a while they (with an antediluvian monster-spirit within) did not know whether to send me back to my native country, for they did not then know that I was an American by choice; but soon they decided that I was not humbled enough yet, so they sent me to the asylum.

Part of the way I was riding in a cab hard pressed up in a corner against another one under similar commitment whom they had for months soaked with cursings and beatings, but unlike me he was heavily manacled in iron, and also unlike me in many other respects for he never spoke a word that I recall, although his features told me, he had a will as an iron master; while I was nearly always talking and repeating often that I was not afraid and that I would like to see all saved, even the ones below, mentioning them with the terrible term that the Bible gives them. So that it is possible that the Monster Sheriff who had me in charge afterwards said about me that "I was swearing terrible on the way down there."

And as I came inside the great portals to the asylum I was brought before a set of so-called human beings who were to book me as is customary. They asked me some questions, but when I did not answer them as they liked, one giant stepped on each side of me and with their powerful knit fists they doubled my stiffened body up in all directions. Sometimes they hit me simultaneously on opposite sides and I felt as if in the jaws of a powerful vise of iron, and although I was singing all the while about how glad I was because Jesus loved me, and other fairy songs, with the most happy face. As I twisted myself away from those infernal monsters, and ran into the bathtub, I heard some one exclaim: "That is the only one I ever saw who did enjoy to see his own life beaten out of him inch by inch. What is the use of killing such

a person?" Before that time I thought that the boxers had a tough lot in the ring, but gracious, they have only one opponent and of their same size, and with mittens so they can go through without any resort to miracles; not so with me.

After some months there I was through my course there appointed to me by the heavenly one, and one noon-day the mysterious voice came to me, "Why don't you get away from here? What more have you got to learn here?" So I immediately set out for freedom, and the attendants who saw me running set out on bicycles, motorcycles and automobiles to get me, but they were slain with blindness, so they were unable to get me, and I came to safety in order to be more useful.

Through that course there I learned a great deal. I met there many unfortunate ones, whose mothers and fathers used to tell, "Because I do not tell (my son or my daughter) the Secrets of Life, therefore in case you be a failure you will be judged mercifully." However, good friends, I do admonish you severely to instruct your children in all things pertaining to life; bodily first, and then spiritually. So let not your foolish prudence stand in the way for your children's success.

And if I, for myself, do win the favors of the Most High and his people's favors (and here he discards the old mask, showing still youth is within him), I could still obtain that one who was created to be comforted and to comfort at my side. And I have also seen the soul-

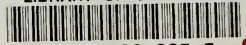
mates of her sisters, by a heavenly grace. Among some of the secrets I have seen which could be mentioned here are a Great Flag—on one side of that flag is the Son of Man crucified, and at the foot of that cross lies a big snake with crushed head in death's agony, but his body is bulging with young ones, very much alive and working for to come out. And at the bottom of that flag on the other side is shown a triangle parted in the middle with a narrow line. On each side of that line in that triangle is the figure of a man and a woman, friendly meeting each other. Above are some angels scattering flowers upon them. All these pictures are in white, gold and black, speckled with astral blue; and receiving a strong light from a heavenly pair, above the angels, and as like each other as brother and sister, with only heavenly suggestions in their shining faces and forms, from which proceeds a light as from a strong lighthouse by the sea.

ADVANZUS.

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